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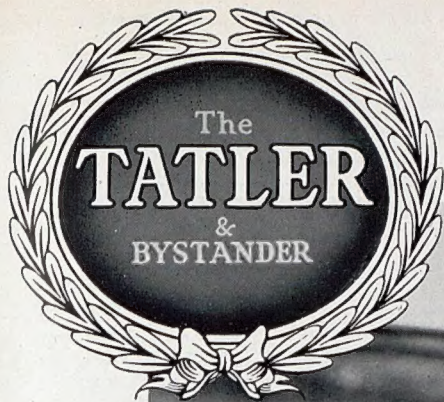


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MAN WITH MISSION BROOKS NO DELAY

LOCATION, Frinton-on-Sea; objective, the beach; and striding purposefully towards it, taking a tractor for sand-trials, is the Hon. John Cavendish, twenty-one month old younger son of Lord Chesham, on holiday from his home, Stonerwood Park, near Petersfield in Hampshire. More pictures taken at this charming Essex seaside resort will be found on pages 368-9

A GRACIOUS TRADITION NORTH OF THE BORDER

AT the close of the season, all eyes turn northwards; Scotland welcomes her many visitors, who come to shoot, to stalk, and attend the Festival. There is a renewed interest in the Scottish way of life exemplified by the simple yet gracious pattern of living built up by some of the leading families

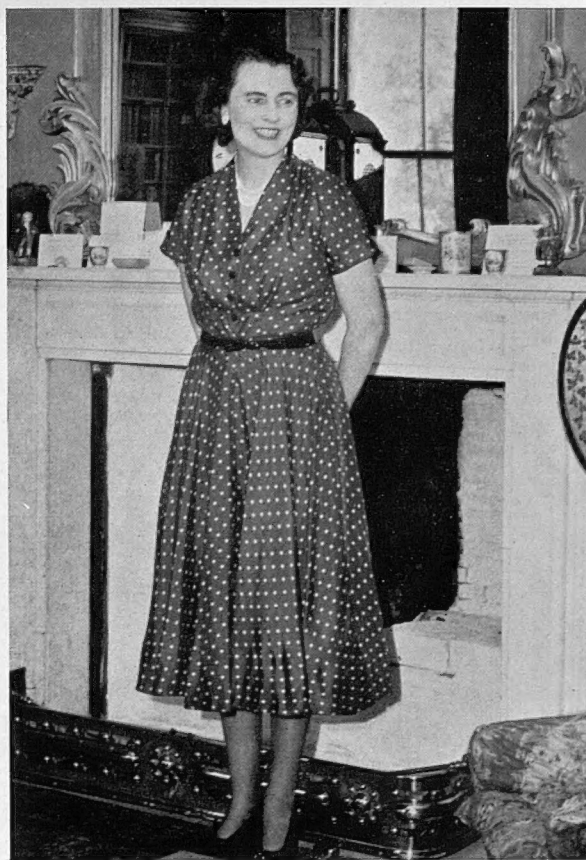
Cunnoquhie, Fife (left), is the home of Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. H. Hutchison-Bradburne. Mrs. Hutchison-Bradburne, formerly Miss Ruth Black, is a sister-in-law of Air Vice-Marshal Sir Thomas Elmhirst, K.B.E., Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey



At Orchil, near Braco, Perthshire, Mrs. Drummond-Moray, wife of Major Andrew Drummond-Moray, and formerly Miss Bridget Robertson, is pictured with their three daughters, Victoria (extreme right), Georgina and Alexandra. With them is Annabel Crombie (left)



Keltie Castle, near Dunning, Perthshire, is the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Sanderson, which they lease from the Rollo family. Mrs. Sanderson was formerly Miss Margaret Ross, and her son, Mr. R. D. R. Dundas, is heir presumptive to Viscount Melville. Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson hunt with the Linlithgow and Stirling Hounds



Birkhill, near Cupar, Fife, is the home of the Earl and Countess of Dundee. The Countess is the daughter of the late Lord Herbert Montagu-Douglas-Scott and a cousin of the Duchess of Gloucester. Her husband is Hereditary Royal Standard Bearer for Scotland



Dunstaffnage Castle, overlooking Loch Etive, near Oban, is now occupied by its twentieth Hereditary Captain, who is here in its courtyard. The castle was once the seat of the early Scottish kings, who were crowned there on the Stone of Destiny, which was later taken to Scone and eventually to Westminster



Rossie, Perthshire, is owned by Col. J. R. H. Hutchison, T.D., J.P., M.P., and his wife. Col. Hutchison is the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State and Financial Secretary to the War Office

Brodric Haldane



THE SILVER CUP, in the Deauville polo tournament, was here being presented by Mrs. Humphrey Guinness to Rao Raja Hanut Singh of the Ratanada team at the Ambassadeurs. Left is Mr. Evelyn de Rothschild, and behind Konwar Bejai Singh, the Marquis de Bourg de Bozas and Mr. L. S. Hills

Social Journal

Jennifer

Crest Of The Year On The Plage Fleurie

DEAUVILLE.—From Monte Carlo I flew to Paris and took a train to Deauville, as surprisingly there is no regular air service from Paris to this famous French resort. I had little more than an hour in Paris, which was teeming with rain and appeared deserted by Parisians if not by tourists. Even the Ritz Hotel was quiet, although there were quite a number of guests coming in to lunch and stopping to look at the glittering show cases as they went down the long corridor to the famous Ritz Bar.

While I was there I booked my room for the first weekend in October, now known as "the Arc de Triomphe weekend," always one of the gayest in this very gay city. Already they have hardly a room left and it sounds as if the city will be very full then, as their Motor Show also opens about that time.

Deauville I found very animated in spite of suffering, as everywhere in northern Europe, from shocking weather, and the Grande Quinzaine was in full swing. Monsieur André was there and his keen eye saw that there was always plenty to

amuse the visitors, who as usual were of many different nationalities. The golf course was in perfect condition and Col. Carlton was there to greet many old friends who come back to play here year after year. There was racing, polo and, when weather permitted, tennis on the numerous courts and bathing from the famous coloured tents on the Plage Fleurie.

At night there were a series of excellent concerts, the famous Marquis de Cuevas ballet and plenty of "nighteries," such as Ciro and Brummels, where not only is the band good, but also the food. Lastly, but perhaps most exciting of all, were the truly magnificent galas each Saturday and Sunday night at the Ambassadeurs, with a splendid cabaret and finishing with a stupendous firework display beyond the giant French windows. After this, most people went into the adjacent Casino. Here I saw Sir Edward Cripps, Sir John Musker, Mrs. Pugh, in white, the Hon. Mrs. Violet Cripps, Miss Monica Sheriffe and Viscount and Viscountess Ednam, the latter looking very chic in purple.

The racing programme on the opening weekend

included the valuable Prix Morny, in which one always sees some of the best two-year-olds in France competing. This year there was added interest for all visitors from this side of the Channel, as Lord Porchester had sent his outstanding colt Tamerlane and Major L. B. Holiday had sent his Noble Chieftain, and it was thought that one of these would be the winner. Unfortunately neither of them even ran into a place, and the race was won by M. Pierre Wertheimer's Chingacook from the Aga Khan's Shikar, with Vicomte Pierre de la Grandière's exceptionally good-looking filly Soya third. Lord Porchester was over for the weekend, as was his father the Earl of Carnarvon and his sister Lady Penelope Van der Woude.

Others watching the race included Mme. Leon Volterra, very chic in a grey faille dress and little flowered cap, who had a runner in that event and several others, Baron and Baronne Guy de Rothschild, who were staying in a château nearby, M. and Mme. Strassburger who had Lady Delves Broughton staying with them, Lord Astor who had been lent a villa in Deauville, Col. and Mrs. Anthony Cooke enjoying their first visit, Sir Melvill Ward, who now lives in France, Lady Pulbrook looking very neat in dark blue and white, who came with Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, and Mr. Ralph Delme-Radcliffe. I noticed Col. Dick Warden having a drink under one of the many gay coloured umbrellas with Sir Eric Ohlson, and Mrs. Clive Graham, who wore a very dashing hat. She and her husband had flown over via Le Touquet in a small Auster piloted by Lt. Edward Troubridge, Royal Marines, who was also racing.

COL. ALAN CAMERON was at the course, also M. Kingsley Macomber who with Mme. Macomber was at his Château de Queteville for the season, the Hon. Mrs. Roger Mostyn, who was going on to the South of France, and Lady Sudeley in brown.

Major the Hon. Christopher Beckett had been over from Germany for a week with the Rhine Army polo teams. The previous day he had been a member of the 9th Lancers team which also included Lt.-Col. R. C. Robin, Lt.-Col. H. C. R. Gillman and Major R. E. Coaker, who had won the William the Conqueror Cup. In the final they beat a Rhine Army team by six goals to one-and-a-half goals, having defeated a French Army team in the semi-final.

Although an unusual amount of rain has meant that the polo ground was rather badly cut up this season, there have been some very good matches. Besides the army teams, there have been eight others competing, with such first-class players as Col. Humphrey Guinness, still one of the finest players on the field today, with a handicap of six, the Mexican player Señor A. Gracida, who also has a six handicap, Rao Raja Hanut Singh, Hanut's son Konwar Bejai Singh who already has a four handicap, M. Henri Couturie the great French player, and Baron Elie de Rothschild.

La Coupe d'Argent given by M. Strassburger was won by the Ratanada team, consisting of Mr. Sinclair Hills, another promising young player, Konwar Bejai Singh, Rao Raja Hanut Singh and Mr. Evelyn de Rothschild. Mrs. Humphrey Guinness, the lovely wife of the British player, presented the cup at a brilliant gala at the Ambassadeurs after the match. The following weekend La Coupe d'Or, the highlight of the Deauville polo season, was won by the Pointe Noire team, who defeated Hurlingham by seven goals to three. Those playing for the Pointe Noire team were M. A. de Monbrison of France whose place was later taken by Comte de la Maza as he was hurt, Sr. J. Muller and Sr. R. Gracida, both Mexicans, and M. G. de Monbrison. Members of the Hurlingham team were Col. Humphrey Guinness, Lt.-Col. A. McConnell, Rao Raja Hanut Singh and Konwar Bejai Singh.

VISCOUNT COWDRAY, who is the greatest postwar polo enthusiast in this country, and Viscountess Cowdray flew over for this weekend, and others who were enjoying the comfort and gaiety of Deauville include Comte François de Ganay staying at the Royal where I found M. Mouchet, as always ready to welcome guests and see they have every comfort, the Cuban Minister to France, Señor Ayala, Mr. Charles Sweeney, who had his son and daughter Frances and Bryan with him at the Royal, Lady Ward, the Comte and Comtesse de Contades, Brig. Wyatt, Major Jack Clayton, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams



The Hon. Grania Wingfield, daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt, with Lt.-Col. Arthur Bellingham



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Charles Hoare, Miss Penelope Ansley and her father Mr. George Ansley, waiting to receive the guests



Mr. Dermot McGillicuddy from Straffan, Co. Kildare, and Lady Windlesham were two of the 300 guests

Coming-out Dance At Kilcroney, Co. Wicklow, For Miss Penelope Ansley

over from Ireland and Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel, who have run several of their horses there this season, as well as racing them in Belgium and, of course, this country and Ireland. Further visitors included Baron and Baronne Paul de Poisson, Comte François de Brignac and Col. and Mrs. Humphrey Lucas; he was once again umpiring some of the polo matches.

★ ★ ★

YORK Race Week opened with a very big attendance, because so many now know that this exceptionally well run meeting, which offers such good prize money, produces some of the best and most interesting racing of the season. There have been numerous improvements in the luncheon rooms and bars, and in the stands, and a very welcome innovation is the turf and paved steps which have been made along the side of the paddock. This, like Ascot and Goodwood, is always a very social meeting, with many house parties in the district, entertaining in the private boxes and in the luncheon rooms of the County Stables, and cocktail parties and dances each evening.

Sir Richard and Lady Sykes had a house party at Aldermere, including Countess Cadogan who looks charming in navy blue, the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, the Hon. Ronald Stuart and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dunne. Lord and Lady Grimthorpe brought their house party over from Malton each day, which included Lord and Lady Manton, Miss Monica Sherriffe, Mr. Graham Ramsay and Lady Grimthorpe's daughter, Miss Katherine Lycett-Green. The Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell was staying with Maud Countess FitzWilliam, while her son and daughter-in-law, the Hon. David and Mrs. Bethell, had Major and Mrs. Richard Sharples staying with them. Major Sharples, who was in the Welsh Guards, has recently retired from the Army and is taking up a political career. That delightful and very popular

couple, Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley, both looking very fit and just back from a holiday in Normandy, were staying with Enid Countess of Chesterfield at Beningbrough Hall.

Major-Gen. Sir "Gerry" Feilden was among Mr. Richard and Lady Jane Scrope's guests at Danby-upon-Yore; the Countess of Errol who told me she was enjoying her first visit to York races, was staying with the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton at Allerton House; and Lady Barber had a house party at Quarry Moor, Ripon, including Major-Gen. St. Clair Ford on leave from Pakistan, Major "Cuddy" Stirling Stuart, Mr. John King and Mr. Nicholas Leche, who are both in their final year at Sandhurst. Unfortunately, Lt.-Gen. Sir Colin Barber could only spend the first evening with their guests, as he had to fly south for an important military conference in Surrey.

Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper, Major-Gen. John Combe and Col. Dudley Norton were staying with Major and Mrs. Ronald Stanyforth, the Hon. William and Mrs. McGowan were among Lord and Lady Feversham's guests at Nawton Tower, and Col. and Mrs. Harry Scott and Mrs. Enid Cameron were with Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood. His many friends were sad that Lt.-Col. Penn Curzon-Howe-Herrick was unwell and not able to be at the races. His wife was there with their pretty daughter Mariagold, and their house party at Clifton Castle including Brig. and Mrs. J. le C. Fowle and Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Marsh.

THE racing was perhaps outstanding for the success of the Irish trainer Paddy Prendergast, who saddled four winners on the first two days of the meeting.

Rain had fallen most of the night and hardly stopped all day. The paddock became a quagmire, the course was incredibly heavy, and at times it was difficult to see the horses on the far side, visibility had become so bad. I have never seen

so many tired horses tailing off as there were at the finish of the mile and threequarters of the Ebor Handicap, which was won easily by twelve lengths by Mr. J. S. Gerber's Nearco colt By Thunder, who was so well in the handicap with only seven stone one pound, and after the race became favourite for the St. Leger.

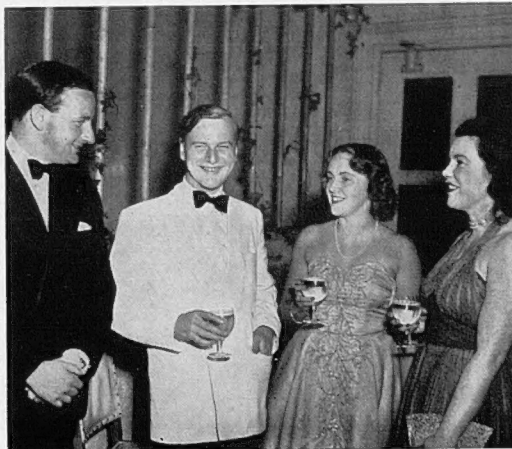
H.R.H. the Princess Royal was racing each day. On the first day, when she had a runner, I saw her looking at the horses in the paddock with Lady Hothfield, and nearby were Doreen Marchioness of Linlithgow, Viscountess Bury, whose Northern Gleam was to have run in the Ebor but unfortunately went lame a few days before, the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait and her pretty daughter Imogen, the Earl of Drogheda and his stepdaughter Mrs. Coward, and Mr. and Mrs. Eric Rylands. Major and Mrs. Gordon Foster and his son Michael, who had motored over from Oswaldkirk, had a ready welcome for many friends in their private luncheon room, as did Mr. and Mrs. David Lycett-Green, Sir Richard and Lady Sykes and Sir Eric Ohlson and his very pretty wife.

AMONG those I met enjoying this grand meeting in spite of the inclement conditions was the Countess of Ronaldshay. She was very chic in navy blue and white, and told me she was staying with her father and mother-in-law, the Marquess and Marchioness of Zetland, at Aske for the meeting and then going up to Scotland with her husband and young family. Col. John Preston, who is stationed in York, was also there talking to Major-Gen. George Collingwood who was down from Scottish Command for a few days and had two horses entered at the meeting, Mr. Stanhope Joel and his wife who looked charming in navy blue and white—they had two winners at the meeting—Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Nigel Weatherall who had a house party for their younger son

[Continued overleaf]



Major Charles Hamilton, Mrs. Heather Cox and Lord Mount Charles, son and heir of the Marquess Conyngham



Mr. Hubert Morris, Lord and Lady de Freyne and the Hon. Jennie French were also at the Ansley ball



Mrs. Tony Riddal Martin, the owner, Mr. Robert Green, and Lady Goulding. The party took place at the Kilcroney Hotel

Fennell



Smiling happily, Mr. Anthony David Motion and his bride cut the wedding cake during the reception. The wedding was at the Church of St. Aloysius, Oxford



Coming out of the church were Viscountess Harcourt, Mrs. Smail, the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Gascoine, the bride's eldest sister, and Lord Harcourt

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

A Log Fire After The Racing

William and his friends at Sandford House, Richmond, and Lady Serena James, who motored down from Richmond each day with her daughter Fay.

Mr. Stewart Cooper, who always comes up from his home in Kent for York races was at the meet, also Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, and Mr. George and Lady Cecilia Howard who motored over from Castle Howard each day, both looking very bronzed after their stay in Monte Carlo.

Lord and Lady Derwent, the latter wearing a very neat black mackintosh over her emerald green dress, came over from their beautiful home Hackness Hall near Scarborough, and I saw the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the latter wearing a short cherry-red jacket over her dress, Col. Simon Lycett-Green and his pretty daughter Rose, Major Bill Bovill up from Warwickshire, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe (who I hear are expecting a happy event this winter), Col. "Squeak" Thompson and his daughter, Mr. Paddy McCann, Mrs. Roger Ingham looking very neat each day, Col. "Roscoe" Harvey, Mrs. Eileen Herbert, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield who had been away in Italy, the Duke of Northumberland and Lord Gainsborough.

On the second night, before going on to the Sinnington Farmers' Hunt Ball, I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Wombwell at Newburgh Priory, one of the most beautiful old houses in Yorkshire, in which there are some priceless pictures. Since the war, Mr. and Mrs. Wombwell have lived in the much smaller Dower House, and it was an excellent idea, at least for their friends, to arrange this

delightful dinner party for twenty-eight guests in the Priory which was so closely connected with Oliver Cromwell's family. So cleverly was the dinner party arranged, that without being told, no one would have known that their host and hostess were not living in the house.

In the finely panelled first-floor gallery a huge log fire was burning cheerily and glorious garden flowers were arranged. Here guests were welcomed before dinner. Then everyone went downstairs to enjoy dinner in a wonderful setting, the like of which is



RIVIERA SUNSHINE was appreciated by Lady Margaret Dawnay, Capt. O. P. Dawnay, Major the Hon. Francis and Mrs. Legh, who were sitting in the Garden Bar of the Hotel Metropole, Monte Carlo

seldom seen today. In the huge baronial dining-rooms, where beautiful pictures and superb Italian mirrors adorn the walls, another great fire was burning in a magnificent fireplace, and the twenty-eight guests, many of the men including the host wearing pink coats, sat comfortably at the long dining-table which was lit with scarlet candles in silver candelabra. Mrs. Wombwell, who looked charming in a cream brocade dress with a fine diamond brooch and diamond bracelets, entertained Lord and Lady Cornwallis for the week. Both were enjoying this party for the Farmers dance, Lady Cornwallis wearing a lovely diamond necklace and ear-rings with her ice blue satin evening dress.

Among other guests dining were Lady Barber who looked charming in a shaded dress with a beaded bodice, Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Peter Barker from Lund Court, where he farms nearly a thousand acres, a very worrying occupation this wet and miserable summer! Also Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Percy Legard, Capt. Victor Jones, and Mrs. Peter Starkey looking pretty in a dress of black mousselin embossed with velvet, with Capt. Peter Starkey, who were up from Warwickshire. Major Cuddy Stirling Stuart, who was up from Wiltshire, was wearing the very dignified dark blue hunt coat with buff facings of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt.

THE ball, which took place at Duncombe Park, the Earl of Feversham's old home which he has let to a girls' school, was most entertaining. Many of those I have already mentioned came in their various house parties. Dancing took place in the long green and gold ballroom, and a buffet supper was arranged in an adjoining room. Lord and Lady Feversham, the latter in light blue chiffon, brought a party—they are joint-Masters of the Sinnington Hounds.

Among the young guests I saw were Miss Diana Child in a white dress, Miss Rosemary Norrie, in red, dancing with the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax, Miss Katherine Lycett-Green in blue, Sir Thomas Pilkington, very bronzed, just back from the South of France and Majorca, his cousin Mr. Michael Foster in very good form, Miss Carol Pease, Miss Mariegold Curzon-Howe-Herrick, Lord Gisborough, Mr. John King and Mr. William Weatherall.



The bridesmaids Misses Patricia Baring, Katharine Worsley and Gill de Burgh, with pages Philip Pegler and Michael Thomson-Glover



Among the many guests at the wedding were the Italian Ambassador, Signor M. Brosio, and his wife Signora Brosio



Miss Claire Jenkinson and the Hon. Mrs. Baird had just arrived at St. Aloysius's Church for the ceremony

I WENT down to Frinton-on-Sea and spent a very happy day among friends and their children holidaying there. Happily it was warm and sunny. Like Bembridge, about which I wrote last week, Frinton has a tremendous family tradition, and many parents who take their children there now spend their own summer holidays here with the parents when they were children. Among them is the Countess of Cottenham, whose parents the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny have a house here for many years. The place still remains very unspoilt, perhaps because it is old-fashioned, and I was told has no cinema, no public house, few regular bus services and no motor cars are allowed to stop along the sea front. There are wonderful sands bordered for a very long way with a great number of privately-owned chalets, a golf course with a special children's course and Tingey, the professional at the club, ready to teach them. The professional at the lawn tennis club, Booth, is also an outstandingly good teacher and this club is really the great feature of the resort. More is done here to encourage youngsters to play tennis than at perhaps any club in the country. The secretary, Col. Murrane, is really go-ahead and keen to do everything for the young. Two American tournaments are held each summer, and 144 entered for the second of these last month. Then there is the Open Lawn Tennis Tournament, which lasts four days and was due to take place just after I was there. The best young players from all over the country always come to play in this tournament.

At the club there is a fine ballroom and an adjacent sun room where boards on the walls show the names of many famous lawn tennis players who have won at Frinton. The junior dances any member can attend, and how young. This summer one of the youngest

among these was the Earl and Countess of Cottenham's son and heir, Viscount Crowhurst, who is nearly six, and had been the night before my visit at the junior gala dance. The Earl of Cottenham has this year been made president of the club in succession to his late father-in-law, the Marquess of Abergavenny. Mr. Bryan Boyd-Smith is captain and the lady captain is Mrs. Russell Weilenman, who has spent many summers here with her parents. She now has a house here in which she and her American born husband, Col. Weilenman, and her two children, Miss Shuna Service, a Coronation year débutante, and Mr. Garry Service, live in the summer.

I SPENT an hour down at the beach where I met Mrs. Derek Wigan, who with her husband had come down for the weekend to join their children, who were spending several weeks at Frinton. Lord and Lady Chesham and some of their family were just going to launch a small motor boat into the sea. The Cheshams had taken a charming house in Second Avenue for several weeks and had their four children and Lady Chesham's sister and her three children to make up a very happy family party.

Their younger son, the Hon. John Cavendish, who is nearly two, was down on the sands with his Nanny, where I also saw Viscount and Viscountess Wimborne's youngest son, the Hon. Charles Guest, who has been down there for some weeks with his nannie, and Master Adam Barford in blue bathing pants trying to save his sand castle as the tide came in. Miss Tessa Borwick was another little figure playing happily on the sands with her mother. Mrs. Peter Borwick and her brother. She has been staying with Mrs. Peter Dollar in the charming house she bought this year. Mrs. Dollar had her own two children with her, and young Duncan McGowan also staying there.

From here I went up to tea at the Lawn Tennis Club, where I met the Earl and Countess of Cottenham, whose two young daughters, Lady Davina and Lady Gillian Pepys, were both playing tennis. There are twenty-two grass courts and four hard courts here, and they were all in use that afternoon! Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barford, who are staying at an hotel, had her daughter, Miss Virginia Estcourt and his daughter, Miss Sarah Barford, to tea with them. The Hon. Mrs. Marion Hubbard was there with her children, and Mr. and Mrs. John Sheffield were playing tennis with their son Julian and Miss Gay Foster, a pretty teenager who already plays a good game. Partnered by Anthony Boyd-Smith, she was winner of the junior section at the second American tournament, when the runners-up were Lady Davina Pepys and Julian Sheffield.

OTHER prizewinners for various sections in the two American tournaments at the Tennis Club this summer have included Carole Himmer and Colin Golding, Jane Sheffield and Euan Foster, Lady Gillian Pepys and Andrew Hobbs, Anne Lusty and the Hon. Nicholas Cavendish, Belinda Earle and David Dollar.

Sir Andrew and Lady Clark have been down at Frinton this summer with their two daughters, Jennifer and Susan, while other young people who have been enjoying the delights of this fascinating spot include Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid's two daughters, Sarah and Rosemary, Daphne, Victoria and Melissa Fairbanks, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks are away in Turkey, Nicholas Bowater, Carol Davey, Carolyn Hunter, Judy Clark and Tessa and Simon Ruscoe, whose parents have a house down here.

Pictures of the Frinton scene will be found on pages 368-9.



In Knightsbridge A Débutante Of Late Summer Made Her Bow

Among the guests at this enjoyable party were the Hon. Jeremy Manson, Miss Emma Devas and Miss Jennifer Weld

Miss Jane Tansley with her mother Lady Tansley, who with Sir Eric Tansley gave the party at the Hyde Park Hotel

Mr. Robin Nalder (right) was in conversation with Mr. John Parry-Wingfield and Miss Gillian Braithwaite



Come rain or shine, Helen Link was not one to be discomfited or to give up her firm seat on Little Nigger. At two and a half years old, she was one of the youngest competitors in the Leading Rein class

SUSSEX RIDERS' SUNNY INTERVAL

ENTRANTS and spectators alike made light of the deluge of rain at Fletching Show jumping gymkhana, and a most successful afternoon resulted. Only a few events were cancelled, and the named charities benefited handsomely



The heavy going provided many amusing incidents, one of which was here watched by Miss Charlotte Caldwell, Mr. Sam Marsh and Mrs. C. Boyd Brent



Mlle. Marie-Hélène Mayaudon, from C. Blanca, was watching with Mrs. G. Denes and her small daughter Vivien Denes



On their private "grandstand" were Mrs. D. E. Fulcher, Mrs. R. Manson, Mrs. U. G. Huggins, Tom Manson and Mr. U. G. Huggins



Discussing events of the afternoon were Mr. Tony Grantham, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Bravery and Miss Jennifer Bravery

At The Races**BE WARY OF GALLOPS**• *Sabretache* •

IF Cardinal Wiseman were alive today I am sure that the advice he would give to all his friends would be: never believe all you see and none of what the butler told the cook, because to begin with it is not evidence, and to go on with even the best of butlers is not omniscient.

This recent gallop by the Derby winner Never Say Die has been variously described. The Newmarket "Horse-Watchers," formerly called "touts," were not greatly impressed, because Never Say Die did not squander his galloping companions, but there may have been more than one reason for this. The watchers cannot have known what the weights were! Usually no one but the trainer, and earlier or later the owner, knows at what weight horses are tried. The onlooker cannot possibly know this, or what an animal is being asked to do.

He may be giving away 7 lb. above weight per age, or perhaps even more, and therefore what may look like a very bad gallop may in fact be a very good one. It naturally follows that the race-course is the only real test. In the case under mention there was this further to be noted: the bookies did not alter Never Say Die's quotation. The bookies' watchers are always very astute and it is for that they are paid.

THERE is another point to be considered: there are no penalties attaching to any horse or jockey in a private gallop, and the trainer can give what orders he pleases. He may direct that a horse which likes being in front all the time should be waited with, or that one which likes being held up for a quick dash at the finish be allowed to gang his own gait. It is not at all difficult to get a horse beaten without resorting to the crude method of pulling his head off. Going the wrong pace for even one furlong may upset the apple cart completely. It therefore emerges that what we see in a private gallop should not be taken too seriously, for things are not always what they seem.

SOME recent notes about the Calcutta Paper-chase Cup and Lord Roberts's indirect connection with it, have brought me a few letters. Holmes Gresson, whom I have not seen for many years, but who I hope is still in the land of the living, won it twice; and Roland Pugh won it four times in all, which I think is a record. Roland unfortunately died some years ago. I used to ride a few winners for both him and Gresson.

I cannot get over the statement by my friend Nichols, who says that nowadays hardly anybody in Calcutta ever rides. In those times of which I have been speaking, most people were oftener on four legs than on two and thoroughly endorsed the saying that the best thing for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse. This seems to be appreciated very fully in this country at the moment, because there are very many enthusiasts who are fond of it, and we have only to look at the ever-recurring shows to see the proof that England is one of the horsiest countries in the world.

P.S.: The mud-larking at York has completely upset all the form and we do not yet know whether the quoted prices about the Leger ought to be relied upon. Six to one each of three argues a very open state of affairs, however, more chatter next week.



As Shirley Knowland on Jet and Miss Ann Knowland on Nizeboy were chatting with Miss Kathleen Brickell. The Show was held at Atheralls Farm by permission of Mr. Jimmy Edwards, president of the event



At the ringside were Mrs. Leslie Seyd, Mrs. Henry Farrer, Mlle. Madeleine Escalier and Miss Muriel Gilbert-Smith. Proceeds of the Show went to the Sunshine Home for Blind Babies and the Fletching British Legion



THE PROUD HIGHLANDER Marcus McLeod (Roger Livesey) finds it rather difficult to handle his three daughters-in-law: Ilonka (Hy Hazell), Leafy (Pamela Wright) and Trixie (Doreen Richards)

Anthony Cookman

[Illustration
by Emmure]

At the Theatre

"Keep In A Cool Place" (Saville)

MR. WILLIAM TEMPLETON's comedy of a Highland laird dealing with a deluge of daughters-in-law is nothing if not mild. It could scarcely be milder without falling into insipidity, but some quality just saves the evening from flatness—a touch of comic veracity in the characterization of the laird, perhaps, or, more likely, the pleasingness of Mr. Roger Livesey's portrait of the canny, good-natured old eccentric. Whatever the quality may be it inclines to tolerance, and we tell ourselves that the mildness, though so very, very mild, is at least a true flavour.

The laird's sons out in the world have married, and one by one, on the same day, the wives break on the ancestral home in an isolated Highland village. Marcus McLeod is there to receive them with true paternal warmth. One of them is an English girl whose father is a felon. The second is a flamboyant Hungarian princess, now dispossessed of her four castles and all her serfs. The third is a revue actress, a cheerful little hooper, whose shows never by any chance get as far as London.

NEITHER individually nor collectively do these ladies measure up to a proud father's dream of the daughters-in-law his sons may send home—but Marcus McLeod is no ordinary proud father. His faith in his sons is too strong to be shaken by the obvious unsuitability of the choices they have made. When a McLeod marries his wife is bound to become a McLeod. These daughters-in-law have only to stay a while in the ancestral home and they will find themselves conforming to its pattern and turning into good McLeod wives.

Here is an excellent dramatic situation turning on the conflict between these women of diverse temperaments and backgrounds and the proud old man with abounding faith in his own blood and his own way of life.

The author goes so far as to put the chief character in readiness for the conflict. He invents some useful eccentricities for the old laird, all nicely indicative of a formidable will—the habit of bullying his chess crony into defeat, his defiance of Highland tradition in preferring the

saxophone to the bagpipes and his hobby of painting landscapes notable for the virility of their style. But having got the laird into position for the fray, Mr. Templeton lets the fray deteriorate into farcical high jinks.

THE laird's difficulty is to get any of the wives to stay long enough under the family roof for its influence to have its proper effect. He tackles them all in turn. The English girl runs away, but he has packed her bag with the household silver and she is brought home by the local police. Knowing that she is disquieted by the knowledge that her father is in prison he comforts her by telling her that he has himself done time. The Hungarian princess has made only a formal marriage for the sake of a passport, and the laird keeps her on hand by the simple device of having misleading telegrams addressed to her from London.

The cheerful little hooper is a stiffer proposition. She has an attractive contract for a new show and the laird can think of no better way of preventing her from fulfilling it than by deliberately arranging for her to fall downstairs.

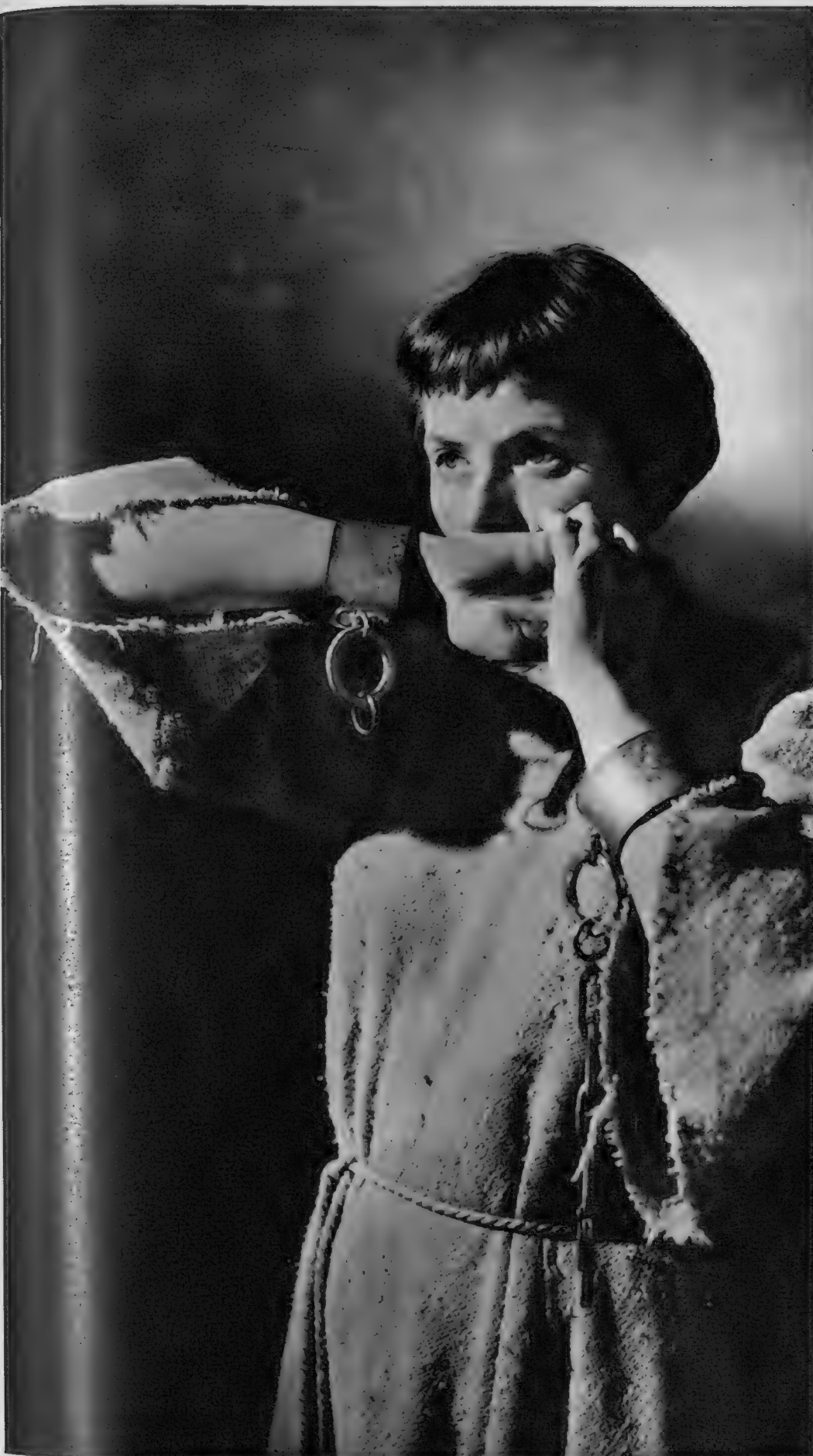
SUCH ruses are not quite good enough for farce and they are wholly inadequate to develop the dramatic situation that the play began by suggesting. However, the mild little comedy is admirably acted.

Mr. Livesey contrives to be the sort of character who would do very effectively in the situation which is never allowed to come about, bumbling, bearded and long suffering, among his booby traps, and Miss Hy Hazell plays the flamboyant Hungarian lady with much comic resource and charm.

Mr. Kenneth Connor has a telling appearance as a preposterous practical joker. Miss Doreen Richards and Miss Pamela Wright are well contrasted as the English wives. And Miss Jean Cadell is her usual brilliant self as a dour specimen of hardy Scottish womanhood.



THE HOUSEKEEPER, Polly Blair (Jean Cadell), has a few blunt comments to make



INGRID BERGMAN, who on many counts can be considered one of the most powerful dramatic actresses of our time, has made the role of Joan the Maid particularly her own. She has just finished a season at the Opera House, Paris, playing the recitative title role in Honegger's opera "Joan of Arc at the Stake," directed by Roberto Rossellini. She will shortly make her London debut in the same production, which is due to open at the Stoll Theatre some time next month

London Limelight



Bransby Williams, who has written his autobiography, here apostrophises his famous version of Scrooge

Memory Hold The Door-keeper

BRANSBY WILLIAMS, who must be the first real live actor that many of us ever saw, is making his reputation anew with television audiences. This, at eighty-four, is pretty good going.

I remember sneaking under a tent at a vast country-house fête in 1912 to what I hoped was a circus, for clearly something very exciting was afoot, and my terror at meeting Quilp face to face before I realised that this monster was, in fact, a wizard who could transform himself into Micawber or Pickwick at will.

The old master now appears in the character of author, and has just published his autobiography (Hutchinson; 15s.). It is remarkable not as a piece of writing, but, if one has the inner ear for it, as the spoken reminiscence of a life which began in the heyday of fit-ups, when eggs and fruit substituted for applause in the music-halls, and only boys with the hearts of giants survived to top the bill. A hard training, but as a result the giants did indeed emerge.

SUCH a candidate, this time in the cabaret and broadcasting worlds (which are replacing the halls far too easily), is Nicholas Parsons, whom I saw recently at *Quag's*. He has the requisite toughness, for he has played in a Scottish trial, and he has the right touch for a West End audience, flattering their sense of humour and their sophistication. As a demonstrator of the joys of an erratic television set, where the sound is indifferently allied to the picture, he has no equal, and as a mimic of film techniques he can make splendidly likely noises without uttering a single genuine phrase, a feat often accomplished in French, but never before in our native tongue.

NEXT Monday the Royal Festival Hall makes its debut as an Opera House: a significant event which could easily be historic, for the building has as yet no tradition of greatness. The Vienna State Opera are presenting Mozart in a three-week season, *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni* and *Così Fan Tutte*, the cream of the Salzburg Festival. Lisa della Casa, who will play as the Countess in *Figaro*, is already known to Glyndebourne audiences, who heard her peculiarly limpid voice in that role in 1951. Karl Böhm, successor to such a list of eminent men that it is hard to think of the omissions, is conducting.

This season is already heavily booked by the musically-minded, and the pity is that such a brief stay will prevent a true enlarging of acquaintance, for Covent Garden would improve with rivalry, and both houses would be the better for audiences which do not need either a tiara or a haircut.

—Youngman Carter



The sea had lessened and the clouds were lifting as the Royal yacht Bluebottle, with a perfect yachtsman's wind on the beam, forged ahead to win the Dragon class race, with Lt.-Cdr. (E) R. L. Hewitt at the helm



Mr. John M. Elgar was pointing out to Miss Sally Gayer the progress of the Royal contender on the last leg of the course

ROYAL SOLENT SAILED

A FAULTLESS REGATTA

IN a season of gales and calms, both putting the organisation of regattas into great hazard, the Royal Solent Yacht Club had two days of excellent sailing weather, of which they made the best by great precision of starting and timing. There were races for six of the principal classes such as Dragons, and also many for the smaller boats



Watching a class assemble were Mr. A. J. Whittall, Commodore of Lloyd's Yacht Club, and Mrs. Whittall



Well supplied with spare gear in case of rough weather were Miss Virginia Barford and Lt. D. H. Jones, R.A., racing in the "Y" class Blandina



Following the manoeuvres before the start of an event were Mr. George Bellord and Miss Diana Southwell



Mrs. M. Kiszely was coming ashore with her children Melinda and John, both keen sailors



Briefing Graeme and Susan on the points to look out for during a yacht race was their mother, Mrs. Desmond Dillon, who was just going to take part in an event

Continued
overleaf

Continuing—

FAIR BREEZE OFF THE WEST WIGHT

THE ROYAL SOLENT Y.C., of Yarmouth, I.O.W., is one of the oldest clubs in the area. Since 1945 it has incorporated the West Wight S.C., and one of the most popular races is that for the very handy West Wight scows



At a wall overlooking the starting-line Mrs. W. de Souza, Lady Gould, who lives in the neighbourhood, and Master Jeremy de Souza were weighing up the racing chances of their friends afloat



Mr. George G. Kent, senior trustee of the West Wight Scow Association, pointing out the placing of some of the marks to his wife, who is captain of the class



The International 5.5-metre Yolaine, owned by Capt. G. Eyston, Mr. J. Coles and Air/Cdre. J. Quinnet



Cdr. C. Hans Hamilton, R.N. (retd.), was chatting to Mr. Patrick Wales-Smith as the day's events began



Miss Elizabeth Brent-Good and her father, Col. C. H. Brent-Good, with Col. E. D. Jefferies-Mathews



The Dragon, Sable, second in her class, was sailed by Mrs. J. A. Caulcott and her husband for Mr. H. R. Freemantle



Some very smart handling was seen as the handicap class for yachts under 20 ft. rating of 4 tons and over rounded one of the marks. The boat on the left is Gadwall, owned by Mr. G. D. Lock



Miss Shirley Saxby and Mr. Oliver Mathews, part-owner of the scow Tern, on the clubhouse terrace



The Commodore, Mr. L. D. Bass-Thompson (right), with Mr. John Ingoldby and Miss Helen Brotherton



Waiting at the end of the jetty for the arrival of the motor launch to take them to their boats were Mr. Gordon Rae, Mr. E. J. Coles, Mr. Axel Smith and Miss Ann O'Reilly

Gabor Denes



THE HON. PATRICIA CAVENDISH, daughter of the Countess of Kenmare, sits in the sun with one of her favourite poodles, at her mother's home at Cap Ferrat. She is a sister of Lord Waterpark, who farms in Kenya

Priscilla of Paris

Night-Clubs In Arcadia

FROM THE ISLAND.—Paris in August. Painters still in the new flat. I fled. Back to the land, my friends, back to the land! But the crowds here on the Island are as dense as those that have poured into Paris taking the place of the hundreds and thousands of Parisians that—according to a statistic-minded Press—have departed. Here, however, I find a happy difference in the absence of the smell of paint and in the fact that I can ignore the crowds.

The south window of my living-room looks on to pasture lands that, thanks to this very rainy summer, are almost under water. The moos and the baas apparently do not mind this, but it discourages the campers. I close the shutters on the other side of the house and all is hushed and peaceful.

As Oscar Wilde has said: "With freedom, flowers, books and the moon, who could not be perfectly happy?" I am inclined to add "solitude" to these blessings, especially when the solitude is of one's own choice, and when, just a little way round the corner, friends offer companionship.

DURING my absence the Island, quite horribly, seems to have broken out in a spotty rash of new night-clubs, a measly epidemic of juke-box publets. There is a second *gollfe-miniaturre* (pronounced with a very French accent). An athletic *clubbe* (at so much per hour) has roped off a section of the main beach (postcards, ices, photographs and souvenirs). Volley-ball tournaments and Regattas take place daily (when the weather obliges) and a Beauty

Contest is announced at which a "Miss Island" will be elected.

We can, of course, keep away from these amenities; there are many beaches on my beloved Island. What really makes us a little anxious is the threat of a coastline boulevard that is to encircle the Island for the greater joy of speed-loving owners of every kind of petrol-propelled vehicle.

This would mean the drastic sweeping away of many picturesque cottages, gardens and pine woods that, at present, reach down to the sea. It seems, however, that this menace has been looming for the last thirty years, so we hope that yet again it is a false alarm.

Once a Minister always a Minister in this *République des camarades* that squabbles but still governs. There are few householders on the Island who have not a Minister (whether in office or not), a Deputy or a mere Prefect amongst their acquaintances. Those of us, therefore, who have influential friends are writing urgent letters to try and prevent our hitherto quiet and happy Island from being turned into a tenth-rate Deauville. (Or, so far as I am concerned, even a first-rate one!)

MENTION of the name of Oscar Wilde reminds me that M. Guillot de Saix—*President du Souvenir Littéraire*—writes me that he is organising various fitting celebrations for the forthcoming Oscar Wilde centenary on October 16th. The culminating ceremony will be held at the Père Lachaise cemetery, where Wilde is buried.

M. Guillot de Saix, who has translated many of his works into French, is a very gentle, elderly-yet-young poet whose mild blue eyes and soft, blonde beard give the lie to the truculence of his darker, leonine head of hair. He is addicted to high-necked, Breton waistcoats, exquisitely embroidered and fastened with delicately chased silver buttons. He is a most kindly Man of Letters. I have known him for many years.

A LONG, impressive list of names forms the committee that presides over this "manifestation of sympathy" in honour of the famous Irish poet and playwright.

To cite only a few: there are M.M. Pierre Benoit, Claude Farrère, Fernand Gregh, André Maurois and Henri Mondor of the Académie Française, and M.M. Gérard Bauer and Francis Carco of the Goncourt Academy. Such celebrated and distinguished independents are on the committee as Jean Cocteau—reported as "quite recovered, but must take things slowly," after his recent grave illness—Sacha Guitry, Robert Kemp, Paul Morand, Max Beerbohm, Louis Asquith and Miss Nathalie Clifford Barney, as well as all the presidents of the many literary associations, syndicates, societies and academies that flourish in France.

Enfin!

● Yves Mirande tells us that "a woman can be as beautiful at the age of forty as at twenty . . . but not so pretty!"



AT THE VILLA FIORENTINA

Barry Swaab
In the beautiful drawing-room of her Riviera residence at St. Jean, Cap Ferrat, sits the Countess of Kenmare, with a guest, M. Antonio Castillio, a dress designer, and her son, Mr. Roderick Cameron, who is a well-known writer of travel books



Three bold buccaneers, taking a rest from plunder, are Martin Hanks, James Morrow and Timothy Hanks

SAND BETWEEN THEIR TOES

FEW of us can resist the lure of the sea and it is always in summer that "the call of the running tide" is most insistent. Frinton is one of the most delightful holiday resorts, to which whole families come to spend the summer months. In spite of this year's unseasonable weather, the joys of sand and sea lost none of their traditional charm. Jennifer describes a day there on page 357



Two merry young people regard the world with a roguish eye from behind their Ann Samuel, who is six, and the Hon. Camilla Elizabeth Samuel, aged five, whose parents have two country seats, near Banbury



Basking in a brief spell of sunshine were Mrs. John Sheffield, with her daughters Diana, Angela and Jane



Rupert Gosling and his sister Helen carefully steered clear of the pebbles as they walked along the beach



Sarah Armstrong, daughter of Mr. J. P. Armstrong, seemed to be having a spot of bother with her shrimping



ifications. They are the Hon. Felicity
of Lord and Lady Bearsted. Their
muerness-shirt



Riding the beach in a home-made sand motor-car are David Skales and his twin brothers Christopher and Ian. Their parents are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Skales, of Hatfield Heath, Essex



Mary Ann Turnbull and her friend Sarah Baron seemed to prefer something a little quieter and more domesticated



Helen Wigley achieved a constant stream of iridescent soap bubbles, which floated away on the sea breezes



Michael and Jennifer Wigan, the children of Major and Mrs. Derek Wigan, were at work digging the castle moat



Mrs. Peter Morgan was helping Virginia and Christina to make miniature mud pies. Mrs. Morgan, who is staying at Frinton with her husband, is an expert golfer and this year alone has five cups to her credit

Strada



"30,000 boats... locked in one solid, immovable jam."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

KEEN, honest, salty faces tanned a permanent ruddy bronze by sun, sea, wind, pink gin, or violet-ray treatment have been beaming expectantly all round the southern and eastern seaboard, our spies report, ever since a Cowes authority hinted that mass-produced glass-fibre yachts will soon be simply whizzing down the assembly-line.

The issue may be illustrated, perhaps, by a concrete example. A quiet South Coast estuary we know is at the moment used by barely 3,000 pleasure-craft of various rigs and tonnages. When there are 30,000 boats in the estuary, locked in one solid, immovable jam from end to end, the situation will not merely remind the sailor of the far-off joys of Piccadilly but, we think, will rejoice him with wonderful friendships, not only springing up among the seething static mass in the anchorage but linked maybe with unknown motorist friends ashore, themselves jammed tight for hours in highway traffic-blocks. Morse or wireless communication with these will soon establish a bond of real camaraderie. Interesting or amusing experiences can be exchanged all day, and yarns swapped. We can even imagine discussions on current topics mingling with poetry-recitals and declarations of love. How delightful.

Afterthought

FOR sailing chaps who do not welcome this prospect (oddly enough) a fine poet lately dead has some bracing words in a Ballad of General Misapprehension:

So grin and bear it, Stupid, do not bleat;
You hungered after Progress long ago;
You wanted Science and you've got it, neat...

Jam, in fact, today, yesterday, and tomorrow. And if you long to get away from the mobs, cullies, there's always speleology. If you can get into the underground cave-queues.

Murky

"HE is playing a villainous Spaniard in her new picture," carolled a gossip, recording a bit of normal dramatic routine which can hardly fail to gratify, once more,

the proudest race in Christendom. A Foreign Office chap once assured us that it was long ago explained in official *démarches* to Madrid, as to every other Latin capital in both hemispheres, that in the eyes of the Island Race a non-Latin villain is no villain at all. Hence it would (he said) be absurd of them to grumble.

Having shocked the film-boys into paralysed speechlessness some time ago by suggesting at a big story-conference that a film with a bestial Scottish villain would be a milestone in the history of Cinematic Art, we propose trifling with their bloodpressure once again by suggesting a villainous Swede. Apart from the suspense-value of telling a Swede a good joke and waiting for the laugh, some time in the year following, we can see a blond, smoothly-brushed villain with pale blue eyes heaving lighted oil-lamps at girls, like the chap in the Strindberg play, filling pastors' goloshes with sand or Stockholm tar, getting divorced on three telephones at once (they have the best telephone and divorce-service in Europe), and maybe saying rude things about the Civil Service, like another Strindberg rebel. A methodical murder or two would demonstrate innate tidiness. Smash-hit.

Or what about a villain from the Land of Song, a crowned bard and tenor gone wrong melodiously, known as Evans the Larynx? Cornered at length, he could lead the cops in passionate chorales. Film-boys, film-boys, we bite our thumb at you.

Pool

MUSING over a Press-photograph of the famous Chillingham herd of Northumbria grazing magnificently at ease, their leading bull having just been deposed after a few stiff battles with a more vigorous rival, one found oneself instinctively recalling the elegant drinking-pool off Portland Place where the pick of the famous BBC herd gallops down at evening for a quick one, posting the usual old bulls on the flanks to warn it of impending danger.

Last time we were there the Bolivar Bar was abuzz with well-modulated conjecture

concerning a scurvy-epidemic, affecting some ten million listeners, which was mildly interesting Harley Street at the time. It is now fairly well established, we gather, that Variety comics cause those swollen gums and ankles and lumps behind the ears of which the dopes keep feebly complaining. In Broadcasting House itself boils, rashes, pimples, fever, and delirium are so normal that the boys probably wouldn't know for days that a bubonic plague had struck them, our spies report. To find the public suffering likewise is naturally jam.

And how disturbing to reflect, amid the chatter at the Bolivar, that not many yards away the old Joy Factory is in full blast on the night-shift, ablaze with light and energy, feeding the Race its non-stop earful with inexorable vim. Recalling this, we returned with a light shudder to contemplation of the Chillingham herd, which works no public mischief and has more decorative horns. No offence.

Lid

SUNBONNETS were regularly worn all through the summer by horses in our happy infancy, and we were delighted to find another horse-lover recalling this fragrant memory in a letter to the papers. What he didn't mention was the origin of this decorative custom, which is interesting.

It started with the poet William Wordsworth, surnamed Hippokephalos, or "Horse-Face," who was seized with a playful fancy while romping with Lucy in the Vale of Yarrow one autumn afternoon. Italics ours:

How sweet on this autumnal day
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my true love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I enwreathed my own?
'Twere no offence to reason;
The sober hills thus deck their brow
To meet the wintry season.

"That blooming heather doesn't half suit you, Horsie," remarked Lucy insincerely. The poet thereafter wore his herbal headgear constantly, and before long Tattersall and the Newmarket boys got to hear of it and adapted the idea for other quads. From wreaths of heather to sunbonnets warding off sunstroke was an obvious step, the sun being in those days a perceptible factor in the British Summer.

And a lot of thanks we'll get, we dare say, for setting three secretaries (one blonde) to work in the British Museum, digging out these facts for you. Had we been properly introduced, sahibs, we would curl a lip at you quite noticeably.



"Sunbonnets were regularly worn all through the summer."



Paul Tanqueray

ANN TODD, who made a name for herself during the war as one of Britain's most sensitive and gifted actresses—few can forget her memorable performances in *Lottie Dundass* and *The Seventh Veil*—makes a welcome return to the stage at the Edinburgh Festival, where she is appearing as Lady Macbeth. After this she plans to do a season with the Old Vic. Her latest film, *The Green Scarf*, has just been released



BUBBLE & SQUEAK

SAMMY and his mother were walking along the sea front.

"What's that over there, Mummy?" asked Sammy.

★ "That's a lighthouse," explained his mother. ★

"What's it for?"

"To keep ships from getting on the rocks."

There was a short pause, then Sammy said: "We ought to get one for Daddy."

SHE paraded up and down in front of her husband, showing off her new gown.

"Well, how do I look?" she asked him.

Her husband hesitated before speaking, and then murmured: "I know it sounds unkind, dear, but you're getting fat."

"In the best places they say 'plump'!" she snapped.

"Well, then," he retorted, "in the best places you're getting plump!"

DURING an eclipse of the moon, a student arrived at the observatory with her camera. She said that she wanted to take a picture of the moon when it would be entirely eclipsed. Another of the students remarked that she would not get much of the picture in those conditions, but she was quite unperturbed.

"Oh, don't worry about that," she said, "I've got a flash-bulb attachment."

THE doctor had been called in to visit the very cantankerous mother-in-law of one of his patients.

"What your mother-in-law wants now," said the doctor, "is a warm climate."

"How about the Riviera?" suggested the son-in-law.

"Not warm enough."

"Then what about Egypt?"

"Not warm enough."

For a moment the son-in-law looked at the doctor in silence, and then left the room. He was back again in a minute or so with a hammer, and handing it to the doctor, said, "You hit her, doctor, I can't."

A MAN who had been dining well was taking the train home. While waiting at the station he wandered up to the signal-box. For some minutes he gazed in stupefaction at the signalman pulling over his levers.

Then gradually a smile of understanding came over his face, and he exclaimed, "Mine's a bitter!"

At The Pictures

THE SCENERY
WINS

Clifton Webb and Dorothy McGuire in a strange romance

I HAVE come to the conclusion that Italy's tourist trade should be benefiting from the propaganda currently provided by the movies made there by American companies spending their frozen currency. Because of this I suppose we should not complain if *Three Coins in the Fountain* is largely a travelogue of Rome and Venice.

By way of a foreground are three attractive young American women in secretarial jobs which appear to be far from arduous, leaving them plenty of spare time in which to be man-conscious—in a ladylike way, of course. The convincing character of the trio is Dorothy McGuire, who retains poise even after six double Scotchies. Jean Peters takes the most chances, and Maggie McNamara proves to be not so dimly naïve as she appears on the surface.

Discreet dalliance is tempered by mutual chaperonage and gossamer bonds of discipline. Clifton Webb, as a bearded acid novelist with not long to live, seems to be a suave strayer into the wrong picture; local romantic male interest is provided by a prince and an interpreter; Cathleen Nesbitt has a brief innings as a patrician mamma. The whole thing has a sunny routine charm, dialogue that many will accept as wit, and a triple pairing-off shamelessly mechanical. Sentiment ranges from heart-strings with musical obbligate to patches of near-coyness. Beguiling stuff, but slender comedy indeed for the wide screen.

SHOULD your fancy incline to seeing Clark Gable, Victor Mature and Lana Turner all in the same war-time picture, *Betrayed* will afford that opportunity. All three are busy members of what is evidently the Dutch Resistance movement, guessing from the windmills in the offing. Mr. Gable, more stolid and taciturn than usual, suspects some double dealing. In this type of story, espionage and counter-espionage are commonly interwoven; but here the atmosphere of general mistrust, throughout the picture's inordinate length, becomes almost oppressive. A touch of Arnhem is brought in; there are a few plausible Nazis, pleasantly-drawn British staff officers by Wilfrid Hyde-White and Roland Culver, and a startling moment of Nora Swinburne with her head shaved.

IN *The Golden Link* a young blonde plunges to death in the hall of a London block of flats, reviving the old problem, Did She Fall or Was She Pushed? As it happens, the police superintendent lives there with a daughter who finds herself in the line of suspects, all sadly prone to prevarication.

Blind alleys, punctured alibis and other red herrings run true to pattern; Patrick Holt, Thea Gregory and well-cast small parts are convincing in the main. An acceptable British murder puzzle; but if I must be truthful, I was so impressed by the admirable tenacity of André Morell as the official sleuth that I quite forgot to be baffled.

—Patrick Mannoek

deputising for Dennis W. Clarke



Before the start of the bending race, Lady Mary Howard, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, on her pony Silver, was checked by the judges, Lt.-Col. D. G. H. Mackie and Maj. A. J. Harvey

A SUCCESSFUL GYMKHANA was organised by the Royal Artillery (Salisbury Plain) Hunt Branch of the Pony Club at Larkhill, Wilts. A large number of young riders competed, many coming from neighbouring counties, and the standard of entries was high. Attracting much attention was the Gretna Green Race, one of the most amusing and novel events



Ten-year-old Miss Ann Young, riding Belle, anxiously negotiated a fence in the Junior Jumping Class



Taking part in the same event, Miss Zara Messenger took her mount Jimmy over one of the jumps



David Cannon and Shauna Ingram, a "runaway couple" competing in the Gretna Green Race, were watched by one of the judges, Mrs. Noel Cannon, wife of the Druids Lodge trainer



The crowded grandstands at Stanley Park Aerodrome cheered the parade of jumping teams. Here Britain's team—Mr. Wilf White, Lt.-Col. D. N. Stewart, Mr. Alan Oliver, Mr. Peter Robeson and Miss Pat Smythe—were making the circuit of the arena



Miss G. Peerman, of South Africa, takes Glentoi over an obstacle in the first international jumping event



Piloted by Miss Pat Smythe, Tosca jumps to become equal first in the Royal Lancs Adult Championship

FOUR COUNTRIES COMPETED in the exceptionally good jumping programme which had been arranged by the Royal Lancs Agricultural Society at their Blackpool show. On the last day of the four Britain's team won the Nations Cup, with the Irish Army quintet runners-up



Mr. Peter Robeson, winner of the first international jumping competition, on his own famous mount, Craven A



A Swedish visitor, Lt. Nils Olof Lindner, taking part in the second international jumping class on Eskapad

Flying THE DOWN SO FREE

• Oliver Stewart •

A VISIT to Boscombe Down was an appropriate prelude to the S.B.A.C. Display at Farnborough, for it is at Boscombe Down that many new machines make their first flights. To give it its full-resounding title, it is the Aeroplane and Armament Experimental Establishment.

In command is Air Commodore A. H. Wheeler, a pilot of vast experience, who has savoured almost every kind of flying and who has the right technical and scientific outlook for the job. The Chief Superintendent is Mr. Handel Davies.

The "security wraps," to use a more than ordinarily abominable Americanism, had never before been lifted from the test work done at the A. and A.E.E., and it was a sound move of the Ministry of Supply to let the Press see what goes on there. Inevitably it was a story somewhat out of the depth of the mass circulation papers; but the others paid appropriate tribute to the Government test pilots and to the technical staff at Boscombe.

ONE particularly well-staged item was the briefing of a pilot by the technical officer for a typical test flight. In this instance the test was concerned with power-operated ailerons on a Venom, and while the Press visit was in progress, quite an extensive programme was completed by the Venom high above the clouds. There was then a final de-briefing with the aid of the automatic record traces, the pilot's notes and the technical officer. It must have been an ordeal for that officer and for the Squadron Leader who did the flying, to perform before a crowd of newspaper-men; but they were admirable, giving a most convincing and effective demonstration.

As I was motoring towards the aerodrome I saw the English Electric P 1 in the air. It was about the time when conflicting statements were being made as to whether it would or would not appear at Farnborough. It appeared to handle well at the medium and low speeds at which it was being flown. Moreover, in the air it looks much less clumsy than the ground pictures make it out to be.

Even so, I was astonished by the English Electric Company's disclosure that the P 1 had already been flying at more than the speed of sound in straight and level flight. It thus became the second aircraft in the world to achieve this without re-heat or rockets. The other one is the French Gerfaut. Usually, high-speed flying is taken in gradual stages and really high Mach numbers are only attempted after many hours have been accumulated. But it must be remembered that the P 1 is intended for speeds a great deal above the speed of sound.

THE other new single-seater, the Folland Midge, also went through its early flying trials at a great pace. But that may be because of the basic simplicity of the design. W. E. W. Petter, the Midge designer, claims that all development processes can be speeded up with the light-weight machine; construction, development and production. In the air the Midge looks to me the prettiest aeroplane ever built. When it receives its Bristol Orpheus engine and becomes the Gnat, it will also be one of the quickest climbing aeroplanes ever built.

The more the Petter policy of "lightness is strength" is considered, the better it seems. I predict that the light-weight interceptor fighter will go into general use in the air forces of the world.





MADGE SAUNDERS in her studio at Parktown, Johannesburg, with one of her most colourful paintings—Cathedral Peak, a favourite beauty spot in the Drakensberg Mountains. Formerly a musical comedy star in London, Miss Saunders studied art in California under Rico le Brun. In private life she is the wife of Michael Hogan, the American film-writer

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

The Splendours Of Edinburgh

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S book **EDINBURGH: PICTURESQUE NOTES**, first published in 1878, was his second work. Originally, it was illustrated by etchings; and subsequent editions in this country (1896 and 1912) were to inspire later artists—one working in line and half-tone, the next in colour.

The *Edinburgh* coming to us this summer of 1954 (from Rupert Hart-Davis, at 30s.) has a different illustrative approach—the twenty-three pictures are photographs, taken by Alvin Langdon Coburn. Nothing could better show the increase of the camera's prestige, which would once have been regarded as "soulless." In our own time, the attitude towards artistic book production (such as Stevenson's *Edinburgh* demands) has been altered.

In her excellent Preface to this edition, Janet Adam Smith points out the suitability, and more, of the Coburn camera-work to the Stevenson prose. The earlier illustrators of *Edinburgh*, she remarks, "applied a coating of their own picturesque or romantic sentiments to the scenes they depict. Often, all they have in common with Stevenson is the title of the picture; and most readers who enjoy both *Edinburgh* and good writing have preferred the book un-illustrated." Stevenson, Miss Adam Smith goes on to say, was often picturesque and often romantic, but never in any vague, generalised or diffused manner; he built up his *Edinburgh*

word-pictures by the accumulation of carefully selected detail. She exemplifies one out of many passages:—

Washing dangles above washing from the windows; the houses bulge outwards upon flimsy brackets; you see a bit of sculpture in a dark corner; at the top of all, a gable and a few crowsteps are printed upon the sky.

STEVENSON, with his sense of the living city rooted so deeply into its past, was aware of contrasts, of drama, of light-and-shade, of the juxtaposition of old and new, and of the mysterious tissue of human destinies. And he knew how to pin down, how to particularise; every scene, every hour and every spot to which he directs our attention means something. "For a writer with this precise, selective vision" (the Preface goes on), "a photographer would seem to be the ideal illustrator—a photographer, that is, who was sensitive to appearances, scrupulous in choice, patient in stalking a viewpoint or waiting for a light."

Mr. Coburn first came to Edinburgh, from the United States, in 1905. Already an admirer of Stevenson's book about the city, he was predisposed to see through Stevenson's eyes.

Working, that year, with what now would seem a primitive camera, he produced some of the finest studies in this volume. Photographic exploration was to continue; and, therefore, some of his work on Edinburgh is dated as late as 1950. (Plates 9 and 10 show the same views of Bakehouse Close, but taken forty-five years apart.)

In themselves, his pictures are works of art—he has missed no hint as to the city's moods; sun glints through smoke, distances are diffused, statue or wall-angle stands out sharply, archways and alleys are stern in shadow. One can almost touch the dark bloom on ancient stone, almost see winds racing across the sky. To the evocativeness of Stevenson's writing, something more has been added—one might have deemed that impossible!

Stevenson closes with these words:—

There is no Edinburgh emigrant, far or near, from China to Peru, but he or she carries some lively pictures of the mind, some sunset behind the Castle cliffs, some snow scene, some maze of city lamps, indelible in the memory and delightful to study in the intervals of toil. For any such, if this book fall in their way, here are a few more home pictures. It would be pleasant, if they should recognise a house where they had dwelt, or a walk that they had taken.

Edinburgh memories, these days, are not confined to her homesick children. Always she has drawn visitors, and in these recent summers she has bred a whole new host of associations. The Festival sees her add to her age-long glory that of art, music and drama. What better memorial of the Festival than this lovely Stevenson-Coburn book?

★ ★ ★

SPARE THE ROD, by Michael Croft (Longmans; 10s. 6d.), is a vehement novel, likely to stir up feeling. Subject, the horrors possible under our system of public education. Here, in the toughest quarter of an unprepossessing British industrial town, is a school seen through the eyes of a young teacher, who is keen, honest, new to his job. John Sanders, an ex-Naval man, goes into teaching untrained to teach (a handicap which, I felt, Mr. Croft had not perhaps sufficiently stressed) but determined to do well. He is no crazy idealist, and the shocks and revulsions he undergoes, and his succession of disillusionments, may be felt to be those of an ordinary decent man.

For Worrell Street School, as a school, is a shocker. By classification it is a "secondary modern"; that is, it caters for non-scholarship boys and girls up to the leaving-age, fifteen. The form allotted to John Sanders (whose youth and strength are felt to qualify him) consists of particularly noisome adolescents of both sexes, some violent, some merely moronic and some sly.

WHERE SPARE THE ROD a sentimentalised novel, our hero would conquer all before him. As it is, he has some effect on one, only one, fairly decent boy, only to see his work wellnigh undone by another, semi-demented, teacher. Where the rest of the form is concerned, he faces defeat.

Many of the evils of Worrell Street were due, as this novel indicates, to present-day (one hopes temporary) bad conditions—overcrowded classes, demoralising surroundings outside school, under-staffing, and exhausted, defeatist teachers. But one wonders what the local authority was

doing: it must have been what is known in the educational world as "a bad authority." Even in view of the shortage of teachers, was not the manner of young Sanders's appointment somewhat offhand? Few of us fail to feel strongly about education; but alas, few of us trouble to acquaint ourselves with its administrative facts.

The portraits of our young man's colleagues, the other Worrell Street teachers, are only too convincing. Mr. Jenks, the headmaster (with thirty years at this work behind him), expresses



honest, extreme pessimism to John in speaking of his pupils. "Most of 'em would be better out of school altogether. But the Ministry doesn't share that view, and neither does the Town Council. . . . Yes, I know," he said, as John attempted to reply. "They can't be taught, and they 'd be just as bad if they could. But we 've got to put up with that. This is the battlefield, Mr. Sanders, here in this classroom. And we 've no more chance of discharging useless troops than we have of getting the brass-hats to come down and live with them."

Was Mr. Jenks right? John Sanders (who leaves to go to a better school) is left wondering. And so—though still with a grain of hope—are we. *Spare the Rod* is not quite a depressing novel; but it does, as did Mr. Jenks's words in the case of John, open windows on society through which it is painful to look. The vigour and good faith of its young author (himself a schoolmaster) can be felt, refreshingly, through its pages.

★ ★ ★

WATER ON THE BRAIN (Chatto and Windus; 10s. 6d.) shows Sir Compton Mackenzie in splendid comedy form. This master-novelist knows how to raise a special, dementing laugh—as *The Monarch of the Glen*, *Whisky Galore* and *Hunting the Fairies* have (among others) already shown.

Actually, *Water on the Brain* is a reprint: it was written back in the 1930's—"immediately after," the author tells us, "my trial at the Old Bailey under the Official Secrets Act." Time has rather increased than diminished its extreme funniness: here is espionage mania at its height. Nothing, it seems, is impossible in Secret Intelligence. Compared, in fact, Sir Compton avers, to some goings-on, a Marx Brothers film is stark realism. The adventures of Major Blenkinsop, of the Welch Bays, in Secret Intelligence will divert many—who dares reveal what occurred at Pomona Lodge? Mrs. Blenkinsop (Enid) becomes suspicious; and can one wonder? Paris, and a sumptuous spa in the Highlands, formerly a baronial home, both bristle with sinister situations—really, one cannot be too careful!

"Which way did you cross?" our hero is asked.

"By Folkestone and Boulogne."

"You'd better go back by Newhaven and Dieppe."

There is Mr. Katzenschlosser, the American agent, and sinuous Madame Tekta, of Mendacia, whose virtue is guarded by an electric bell. There are Scottish Nationalists—what's brewing there? And there's a hair-raising interlude in the B.B.C. Everything whizzes into a tangle at such a rate that one cannot follow; and that one should not is, I take it, the aim of this splendid story. Shed a tear for poor Blenkinsop, then lean back and laugh.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

IN the 'twenties His Master's Voice issued some wonderful recordings made by the choir of the Russian Church in Paris. Indeed, Chaliapin sang and recorded with the choir. After many years there is another selection of music from the Liturgy of the Russian Orthodox Church, which has just been released. This time you will hear the choir of the Russian Orthodox Cathedral in Paris conducted by Piotr. V. Sparsky, the solo singer being the Very Rev. Archdeacon Nicolas Tikhomiroff. The selection includes music by Lvov, Bortniansky, Arhangelsky, and Kedrov's beautiful and moving setting of the Lord's Prayer.

The soloist has a wonderful voice, and in "Multos Annos" he achieves a most fascinating effect in his intoning, by gradually sliding up the scale to a note on which the choir enjoins. This excellent recording is one which any who still have, and remember, early H.M.V. releases, will want, and one which I commend to everyone who appreciates choral and solo singing of impeccable quality. (Philips L.P. N.B.R. 6002.)

Robert Tredinnick



HARDERN—ASHBRIDGE

Capt. Alan Christian Hardern, the East Lancashire Regiment, who is the son of the late Mr. A. H. Hardern, and of Mrs. Hardern, of Fleetwood, Lancs, married Miss Wendy Olive Ashbridge, elder daughter of Sir Noel Ashbridge, of Sidcup, Kent, and of the late Lady Ashbridge



TALBOT—KIDD

At St. Stephen's Church, Willington, Co. Durham, Mr. William E. G. Talbot, son of Brig. W. E. T. Talbot, O.B.E., and Mrs. Talbot, of New Brunswick, Canada, married Miss Elinor R. Kidd, daughter of the late Col. G. R. Kidd and of Mrs. S. Kidd, of South View, Willington

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



YOUNGER—TUCK

The Hon. George Kenneth Hotson Younger, eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Younger of Leckie, of South Lodge, Stirling, and Miss Diana Rhona Tuck, elder daughter of Capt. G. S. Tuck, R.N., and Mrs. Tuck, of Bury, Sussex, were married at St. John the Evangelist's Church, Bury



BOARDMAN—CROCKER

Mr. Frank Gwyther Boardman, son of Mr. F. Boardman, M.B.E., and Mrs. Boardman, of Robeston Wathen, Radyr, Cardiff, was married to Miss Elizabeth Margaret Crocker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Crocker, of Eaton Crescent, Swansea, at St. James's Church, Swansea



ROGERS—GOODHEAD

At St. Margaret's Church, Blackfordby, Lt. Philip Guy Rogers, Royal Signals, son of the Rev. Canon T. G. Rogers, M.A., and Mrs. Rogers, of Tankersley Rectory, Sheffield, married Miss Anne J. Goodhead, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Goodhead, of Wayside, Woodville, Burton-on-Trent



WARNE—JAMES

Lt. (E) Nicholas Warne, R.N., son of Rear-Admiral R. S. Warne, C.B., C.B.E., and Mrs. Warne, of Benkhausen, Germany, was married to Miss Sonia James, daughter of the late Mr. E. T. James, and of Mrs. James, of Roehampton, at St. Margaret's Church, Ditchling, Sussex





Party accessories—a grey grosgrain handbag for £5 15s. and eight-button length jersey gloves for 14s. 11d.

Party Dress

THIS time we offer, as our Fashion Choice of the Week, Elizabeth Henry's really lovely afternoon dress made of embossed façonné in a soft, smoky turquoise shot with cyclamen. With its pretty and most becoming neckline, its very full skirt and slightly draped sleeves, it seems to us a most charming and useful party dress for any afternoon or informal evening affair. Priced at 17 gns., it comes from Marshall & Snelgrove's Model Gown Department. Marshall's also provided the accessories

—MARIEL DEANS



This little hat, like a black velvet starfish, costs £4 18s. 6d. The natural blue fox tie, whose bloomy, blue grey colouring blends perfectly with the dress, is 29 gns.

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

HAVE always wanted to own the kind of house to which children are able to bring back tea parties of friends without warning—which can revive starving visitors at any hour on Something Cold—whose refrigerator is as worth raiding in the small hours as that of any good American Mom—which can produce cakes and scones at a minute's notice—whose window sills and mantelpieces burgeon with jonquils and snowdrops at Christmas time—whose cupboards are packed with jars of pickles and jams.

Yet something always chucks a spanner in the works. I inquire about ordering bulbs when it is too early—get tired of doing so until it is too late. The carefully bought pre-fabricated cakes get finished up in routine use. When the children bring in gangs of



friends it is always on the day we are having a dinner party or want everybody in bed early because we are going out. And I have never dared bottle fruit at all, because that bit about holding the bottle up by its top to see if it is properly sealed terrifies me—suppose it isn't, and crashes to the floor?

JAM is a different problem, however. I adore making jam because it is only a question of slinging fruit and sugar into a saucepan; the reward, impressive rows of glowing jars in amber, ruby and emerald all giving a picture of the kind of housewife I would love to be. Of course, nobody in our house really likes jam unless there isn't any, so that the stored produce usually ends up by being given away to intellectual friends in the metropolis, who then look at me with the mingled scorn and admiration my heart craves for.

But even this meets its obstacles this year. When the gooseberries come in I discover that all the empty jam-jars are being used either for children's paint brushes or to shield baby strawberries so that the slugs can get them instead of the birds. When strawberries and raspberries are cheap enough to be bought in jam-making quantities, my husband, the most fruit-eating character in Britain, gazes ecstatically at their soggy masses and says the season is so short anyway, and it's an awful waste of vitamins to cook fresh fruit, so that

[Continued overleaf]

CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY . . .

before I know where I am, the jam-making raspberries and strawberries have been eaten.

Last year I attempted to add to jam-making potentialities by purchasing a morello cherry tree to supply sour cherries—birds, said my advisers, don't like morello cherries—the implication was that nor did anyone else in their senses. The tree did wonders by us, being like a bridal bouquet in spring and later so laden with fruit that I was nervous for its still tender branches.

ONE thing the neighbours were wrong about—the birds left the tree alone, true, but my husband turned out to be the only man in Britain who likes eating morello cherries raw. To all my protests he replied with simple dignity that (a) it was less trouble if he ate them raw than if they had to be cooked, (b) what had he told me before about vitamins, (c) he was on this new diet which didn't allow jam but encouraged raw fruit; (d) what did I buy the tree for, anyway?

However, recently, touched by my distress, he came back one day from London laden with twenty-four pounds of morello cherries purchased in Covent Garden at 4d. a pound, and announced that if I *must* have jam, he was going to take a day's leave and help me make it. While I rounded up jam jars, from strawberry beds, nursery, tool cupboard and every available friend, he and the children swathed themselves in overalls and old cotton



dressess and, crimson to the elbows, stoned cherries on the lawn with only occasional pauses to beat off the wasps and Macdougall the marmalade cat.

WHEN they had finished there were twelve pounds of stoned fruit—my husband *says* he only ate about two pounds himself—and I have no grounds for protest because he cracked most of the stones for the kernels, and himself thought of boiling the rest in a bag with the fruit to get that pleasant prussic-acid flavour.

The only catch was that nobody remembered until we'd started that cherry jam won't jell unless you add something full of pectin to it, and by the time somebody had rushed out to find there weren't any red currants in the town and had been told to get lemons instead, every large saucepan we possess was packed with stoned cherries, while cherry juice spattered every possible surface. And even with the lemon we had to ring up the local cookery school twice before it really did set. Still, at last I have my rows of ruby jars on the shelf, and to my husband it is enormous satisfaction to think of his unselfish, altruistic toil.

—Diana Gillon



This red wool three-piece by Jean Patou has a finger-tip length over-coat lined with civet. Notice the clever treatment of the jacket collar. This is a very typical Patou touch



Mattli's oatmeal coloured tweed two-piece has a short box jacket trimmed with a big collar of nutria

In the Morning



A dark grey otto-an-tweed suit by Michael has a large collar and revers and shows his new "fluted front" on the basque of the jacket

London

A GREY summer has resulted in one of the most colourful London collections we have seen for a long time. Designers, sick of the neutral colours all about them, have selected materials in a riot of reds, kingfisher blues, yellows and vivid greens. By contrast Paris, with her perennial autumn insistence on black, is almost sober; here the excitement lies in the line. Dior's H-line, his newest look, is shown on the opposite page. We don't mind wagering that in two or three years time, this look will still be influencing the clothes we shall all of us then be wearing

Luncheon Time

The H-line. Dior's black face-cloth suit shows clearly his new long body line with very high bust, longer jacket and natural, unemphasized waist. The sleeves are set-in to give a narrower shoulder effect. The collar is cut in one with the suit and rises high



Alec Murray

and Paris 1954

PERHAPS one of the greatest differences between London and Paris fashions is that London clothes are always "wearable," that is to say, easy to wear. Paris clothes have to be "worn"—an active state involving much hard work and some discomfort in grooming, corsetry, fittings and general production. To be as wonderfully turned out as a top French couturier can turn you, is a very full time job. London's soft, beautifully tailored clothes are usually just one pleasant aspect in the life of a woman with other interests. You can't have it both ways. On these four pages the photographs are French, the drawings English

—MARIEL DEANS



(Left) "Out of the Blue," a two-piece by Hardy Amies, consists of a fine woollen dress, with back-fullness held by a cross-over inset belt. This is worn with a loose-fitting velour-cloth coat



(Right) Ronald Patterson's red wool dress with a black spot is draped with a forward fullness. The sash is of black petersham

In the Afternoon



An elegant afternoon dress by Norman Hartnell made in black wool trimmed with black moiré. The belt is antelope



One of Cavanaugh's "stole" dresses. The faille stole, embossed with velvet, wraps round the shoulders, is darted to the waist and held by a belt. The velvet sheath below can be worn for evenings without the stole



Hubert de Givenchy makes this very full-skirted cocktail dress in shadow tissue taffeta. It has a high neckline, figure-fitting bodice and a sash draped at the side

... London and Paris 1954

(On the right) Stiebel's pretty, short evening dress in smoke grey organza embroidered with black wool has black velvet shoulder straps and trimming. (Below) "Night at the Opera," a black velvet picture frock by Worth, is worn with a lilac coloured wild silk stole, fringed and embroidered with iridescent leaves. The photograph shows Balmain's short white jersey evening dress which is trimmed with white jersey ruched on to gold lace and outlined with jewels. The sideways draping on the bodice and over the hips was shown at several collections



In the
Evening



Alec Murray

SHOPPING

Ringing the Changes

THE dress can be the same; it is the accessories that make it look different. Designs in jewellery, bags, gloves and scarves show increasing ingenuity. These examples give an idea of the different types available

—JEAN CLELAND



Madame will you walk? Waiting for you at Fenwick's is this study in black and white. Gloves 14s. 11d., scarf 4s. 11d., bag £9 19s. 6d.



Hand-in-hand with summer frocks and sunny days go these matching accessories from Wetherall. Whyte L/C Bucket £2 2s., Whyte L/C Scarf £2 2s., Whyte L/C Cummervest £2 2s.



This attractive white necklace is adjustable and of unusual design. It is also extremely inexpensive at 12s. 11d. The matching ear-rings cost 8s. 11d. Both can be had from Fenwick's

IN TOWN TODAY

AFTER the restricted choice in cheeses for so many years, what a joy to find an ever-increasing variety available. The latest to make its comeback is the delicious Wensleydale, which is more than welcome.

If you are a cheese lover—I personally much prefer it to sweets—you should make a point of trying Valmeuse which is quite new to this country. In flavour it is something between a Brie and a Camembert, and if these are to your taste, you will love it. Both can be had from Harrods.

★ ★ ★

FASHION flash from Paris is that pearls are now being worn in a new way. If you want to look right up to the minute, buy two necklets—one a little longer than the other—of the large chunky kind. But—and this is the smart note—one must be white and the other a different colour. Models at Dior's show were wearing a combination of white and bronzy-brown. These two look lovely together, especially with brown, tan and all honey shades. The pearls are not expensive, and can be had from most jewellery departments of the leading stores.

★ ★ ★

WITH all the various gadgets available to make housework easy, we shall soon solve the difficulty of getting adequate help by having no further need of it. Latest time and energy saver is the "Magnetic Broom," which attracts dust, hairs, ash and fluff. Shaped like a large flat paint brush with a long handle, this has plastic bristles that become charged with mild electricity whenever you start to sweep. It can be used for carpets, lino, and in the car. Price 13s. 9d. from Selfridges.

★ ★ ★

LIKE the King in Milne's *Christopher Robin*, who did so like a little butter with his bread, I do like a spot of cream now and then. Moreover, I like to make it myself, and am delighted to find that a cream-making machine, which has been off the market since before the war, is now available again. This looks rather like a mincer in appearance except that you pump the handle up and down, having first put in a mixture of milk and butter. The thickness of the cream is determined by the proportion of butter to the milk (4 oz. milk and 3 oz. butter gives a good thick mixture). From Harrods, price 46s. 1d.

★ ★ ★

NEWEST way of saving onions, carrots, or whatever you may be chopping up, from flying off the board in all directions is an excellent "French Chopping Bowl." With it goes a crescent-shaped knife which you use with a sort of rocking action. This does the job neatly and efficiently, and enables you to keep everything where you want it, which is in the bowl and not on the floor. Price 19s. 3d., from Selfridges.

★ ★ ★

IF you are looking for a new idea for the Nursery, I think you will be charmed with some delightful little table mats with "Muffin" and "Prudence Kitten" designs. These are made by Kleinert's and cost 3s. 11d. each. Obtainable from most leading stores.



The bag and gloves for a smart occasion. The bag is an attractive shape in baby calf, with amber coloured fastenings. Price 8 guineas. Gloves are from a new autumn collection. Fenwick's stock them both



Dennis Smith

Charming accessories to "dress up" the plain frock and give it a party air. Satin cocktail bag £7 5s., pure silk scarf £3 12s. 6d.; Gloves 15s. From Finnigans, Bond Street

BEAUTY

THE EYES HAVE IT

FOR some weeks after the fashion collections, news and views float about in a way that reminds one of those fascinating little glass snow houses that delight the children. You shake them up and the snow whirls around and obscures the views. Only when it settles down can you see the whole picture

LAST week I wrote about slimming for Dior's New Line. Now, having talked to various experts who follow fashion from the beauty angle. I am able to give further news regarding the latest trend in personal appearance.

One point upon which all are agreed is that the jewel-like colours in dress will place accent on the eyes. In other words, lovely effects can be achieved by "playing up" to the eyes with subtle shades of eye shadow and mascara. While there is no doubt that skilful make-up can enhance the eyes by bringing out their colour, and making them look larger and more lustrous, the effect is spoilt if the eyes themselves are looking dull and the area round them is in need of attention.

If we are tired or out of sorts—and with the pace at which we live today this is not unusual—the eyes are first to show it. Rest, relaxation, and a good tonic form the basic remedy for restoring the lost sparkle. External treatments are also useful.

AN eye-bath night and morning for a time, with a good lotion, is helpful, and there are excellent drops on the market for clearing the whites, and giving a general look of brightness and refreshment. For quick rejuvenation at the end of a wearying day, nothing is better than the well tried method of ten minutes rest, with pads of cotton-wool

wrung out in cold water and saturated with eye lotion. Place these over the closed lids with a dark scarf on top to exclude all light, and you will quite literally rise and shine.

DARK rings underneath, which are so ageing—especially as we grow older—can be improved by regular massage with a special eye cream (Elizabeth Arden makes an excellent one), while crêpiness and fine wrinkles can be treated effectively with a few drops of muscle oil mixed with a little skin food in the palm of the hand, and worked gently in, moving out above the eyes and in underneath.

You will, I think, be interested in a range of eye-shadow made by Lancôme, which seems to me to be unusual in that there are three different kinds. I went along to inspect these, and found them intriguing. For ordinary everyday use, there is what they call "Plain," which means the colours are soft and straightforward. For something a little more distinctive to wear at a late afternoon party or

at cocktail time there is the "Paillette" or "Spangled" shadow, which I can only describe as having a sort of sunlight glitter. Used discreetly, this is most fascinating. For evening, the "Chatoyante," which is iridescent, with a lovely mother-of-pearl effect, supplies a touch of real glamour.

Shades which will, I am informed, be popular in "picking up" the new fashion colours are "Algue" (seaweed), which is a subtle shade of green, "Turquoise," "Tri-winkle" and "Paon" (peacock blue). For extra special occasions, there is also a very beautiful gold eye shadow, which looks ravishing with a gold evening frock or with the gold jewellery which is still so fashionable.

WHILE all these shadows give depth to the eyes, and intensify their colour, there are other ways of making them look larger with clever use of mascara and eyebrow pencil. One is to run the pencil lightly along the eyelids close to the roots of the lashes, then smudge or fade it out by rubbing your finger along over it till it looks soft and scarcely noticeable. To elongate the eyes, carry the pencil line just a little beyond the outer edge, and then fade this out in the same way. To give sheen to the lashes and eyebrows, brush lightly with a little brilliantine on a clean eye-lash brush.

To lengthen the lashes apply the mascara, allow it to dry, then give a second coating, and even a third, concentrating on the tips. To do this successfully, half close the eyes and brush the lashes up and back. Don't forget that although the shades of mascara most commonly used are black and brown, these are by no means the only ones available.

There are many other soft and beautiful shades in blue, green, violet, etc., and quite lovely effects can be achieved for evening wear by matching these up to the different eye shadows.

Many people complain that their lashes are short and scanty, and therefore difficult to darken successfully with mascara. My advice is to use one of the eyelash-growing creams which promote the growth and darken at the same time. There are several good ones on the market, and they can be used on the eyebrows as well. An added advantage is that they give a lovely sheen.

— JEAN CLELAND





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E. A. Sollars

THE VERY EFFICIENT CADETS of Winchester were inspected last year by the late Air Marshal W. A. D. Brook, accompanied by the Headmaster, Dr. W. F. Oakeshott. The latter is succeeded this coming term by Mr. H. D. P. Lee

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By S. A. PATMAN

Winchester—Model For Posterity

THE history of Winchester College is the history of a community which for over five and a half centuries has held a position of eminence among English institutions. It still occupies its original site and much of the original layout remains; the gradual additions and improvements have not destroyed its medieval aspect.

Like all ancient schools it has experienced periods of progress and of stagnation. William of Wykeham issued his charter of foundation in 1382, but not till some five years later did building begin. It was on March 28, 1394 that the seventy scholars of Wykeham's original foundation entered in procession into that heritage which was to constitute the prototype of the public school system, and to undergo an expansion and development undreamed of even in the wide vision of its founder.

Within a generation of that date the College had begun to attract to itself an accretion of "Commoners," boarded privately in the town, but sharing its educational facilities and submissive, to some extent at least, to the discipline

of its Headmaster. In 1740 Dr. Burton incorporated these Commoners—some 100 in number—in a building within the school precincts. This survived until 1859 when, in harmony with the new policy of separate boarding houses inaugurated ten years before, "Old Commoners" migrated and divided into four Commoner houses, and Winchester of today had taken shape.

SITUATED on that western verge of the Weald where cricket was unquestionably cradled, it is not surprising that Wykehamists were soon in touch with the game. The biographer of Bishop Ken, who was a boy in College from 1646 to 1651, records "our junior attempting to wield a cricket batte" soon after his arrival there, while a year later Robert Matthews's Latin poem on Life in College has a passage which strongly suggests that the scholars were playing cricket on St. Catherine's Hill; that landmark, beloved of Wykehamists and given by Canute to the Cathedral, was then and for the next hundred years their only playground, and right into the last century remained the scene of their

domestic matches, College *v.* Commoners.

The first recorded match in "Meads," the original school ground in the precincts, was in 1803 against "The Town," and in 1825 Winchester first appeared at Lord's, when they defeated Harrow, and the following year recorded a victory in their match at Eton. Incidentally, in 1820 William Ward, a Wykehamist, scored 278 for M.C.C. against Norfolk, which remained a record for Lord's ground for over a hundred years. In 1834 began the regular triangular tournament, when the three schools met each other at Headquarters. This lasted until 1854, when the Winchester authorities, apparently for disciplinary reasons, turned their backs on London. Thereafter Winchester have played home matches with Eton, at first in "Meads," but from 1870 in that lovely New Field, for which they and their successors must be eternally indebted to the foresight and devotion of Dr. Ridding.

The exigencies of World War One brought at least one blessing to Winchester; the renewal of fixtures with Harrow, and further school matches, since firmly established, with Marlborough and Charterhouse.

FROM this long panorama of cricket history it is obviously only possible to select a few of Winchester's great cricketers. Perhaps the most famous Wykehamist since the days of H. D. G. Leveson Gower and J. R. Mason is D. R. Jardine, during whose reign as captain England suffered only one reverse in fifteen Test matches. Other prominent Wykehamists include J. C. Clay, J. L. Gaise, P. G. T. Kingsley, M. R. Barton, Claude Ashton the Corinthian, G. H. G. Doggart, the present Sussex captain, and H. A. Pawson, the amateur international footballer. Altogether eight Wykehamists have played cricket for England and 103 have been awarded Blue.

Winchester has long been recognized as one of the leading rackets schools, and since 1943 has won the Public Schools' Rackets Championship on seven occasions, thus tying with Eton, each having eleven victories, for second place to Harrow, which has had twenty-five successful years.

Eton College will appear in September 15 issue



D. R. Stuart

Sussex cricket captain Mr. G. Hubert Doggart (right), Wykehamist and now a master at the College, talking to Maurice Dewar, the Soccer captain

Horrockses

in Corduroy



SEPTEMBER

THE NOMADS

Partridge-shooting and the academic year begin in September; camping, for most practical purposes, ends. Tents, it must be accepted, have some disadvantages. They defy the best directed efforts to erect them, the guy ropes can seldom be adjusted to a nicety, and once up they tend to exert on cots a fascination which must, one suspects, be morbid. Their charm, to which the British holiday-maker is increasingly susceptible, lies in the extreme flexibility which they confer on his strategy; they give him the enviable status of a nomad. Used (as they largely are in the army) in a static role, tents are inconvenient billets; the Territorial seldom feels affection for the symmetrical acres of canvas on Salisbury Plain and elsewhere—although at the end of a tiring night operation he returns to roost there as happily as a homing pigeon. But a tent of one's own gives a sense of freedom and independence, which is not altogether illusory. There are, of course, moments when its occupants, even if they will not admit it to each other, would gladly exchange it for some less impermanent accommodation; when, as the rain drums loudly on the roof, visions of the Hotel de l'Univers or the Anglers' Arms float in the darkness with an irresistible allure. But the next morning things generally seem not quite so intolerable. There is the positive satisfaction of an ordeal survived and a confident feeling that the next night things will be different.



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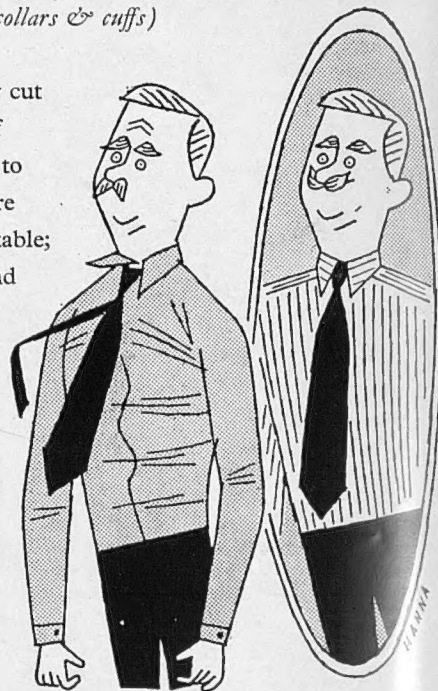
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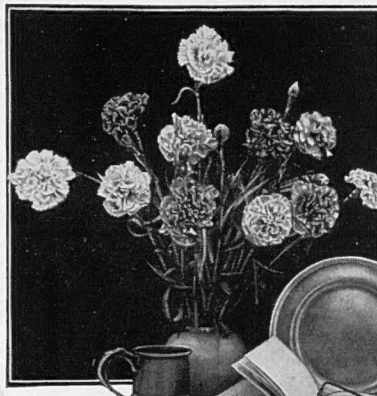
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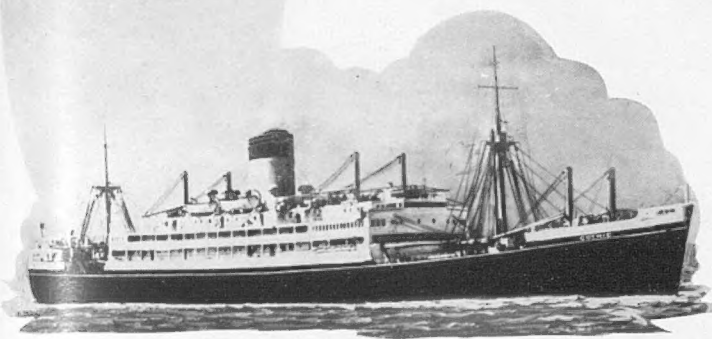


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